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THE
TLE MARQUISE
AND MISCELLANIES IN
VERSE *and* PROSE

LAURA G. COLLINS

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The Little Marquise on the Wall and Miscellanies in Verse and Prose

By Laura G. Collins

*

Pierre and Marguerite

By Mme. Rostan

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DEDICATION

TO MY DEAR FRIEND

MISS MARIE PATTERSON

OF WASHINGTON AND PARIS

COMMEMORATING IDEAL DAYS OF

COMARADERIE

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POEMS.

The Little Marquise on the Wall.

What strange freaks one's memory plays !
A flash, and long forgotten days
Claim and cause us to live once more
All the life of that vanished yore ;
And old friends as we knew them then
Greet us and welcome us again—
But one I remember best of all,
The Little Marquise on the Wall.

Standing facing me with an air
Sweetly conscious that she was fair,
In her rich and splendid array—
Satins, brocades and velvets gay—
Not one of all assembled there
Could, she knew, with herself compare—
And I remember best of all
The Little Marquise on the Wall.

Easy to tell with but a glance
She was born and bred in Sunny France,
That ne'er her dainty feet had trod
Other than her own native sod.
That châteaux, palaces to her
Kings and nobles familiar were—
So I remember best of all
The Little Marquise on the Wall.

The blaze of diamonds in her hair
That in her sparkling eyes did share,
Such dusk of locks, such dusk of eyes—
What depth of shadows in them lies!
So deep down soon we dizzy grow,
If their secrets we seek to know.
Yes, I remember best of all
The Little Marquise on the Wall.

"Before the War"—those good old times!
Ring out once more their gala chimes!
For in spite of wind and weather
We'll make the gay "round" together,

As in the old plantation days,
From house to house in old time ways—
While I remember best of all
The Little Marquise on the Wall.

From steeds and vehicles we sang,
While our laughter merrily rang
As through canebrake, mile on mile,
A procession in single file,
The tall, dense stalks on either side,
All but the sky o'erhead did hide—
Yet I remember best of all
The Little Marquise on the Wall.

Rang more merrily when—bad luck!
A tree across the road we struck.
With no help for us in our need,
But in one way could we proceed;—
Making show of disdain for such halt—
Over!—with jolt and lurch and vault—
Yet I remember best of all
The Little Marquise on the Wall.

A picture in antique frame
Of a young, lovely, high-born dame,
With a diamond coronet
On her dark tresses lightly set;
Neck, arms, bosom, hands, gown, train,
Gleamed as if caught in diamond rain—
Oh! I remember best of all
The Little Marquise on the Wall.

"My great, great grandmother," low she said,
Our stately hostess as she led
Us to present as to a queen—
A fairer sure was never seen!
Annals and chronicles her name
Among those show, well-known to fame—
Yes, I remember best of all
The Little Marquise on the Wall.

Her cheeks—what rich roses they wore—
And to bloom there forevermore!
Lips, like a bow shaped, cherry red,
Smiled as at something she 'd just said;

Beauty, happiness themselves found
With youth's brilliant radiance crowned—
Ah ! I remember best of all
The Little Marquise on the Wall.

Ancestry, France, the contrast strange
Of old and new homes gave a range
Of topics for rambling talk,
When out-doors invited to walk,
And bask in the sunshine and flowers,
Where a sun-dial marked the hours,—
Still I remember best of all
The Little Marquise on the Wall.

I linger now as loth to go
As when that visit ended, though,
Each with its imperative date,
Many more for us were in wait ;
And not one but knew we were bound
To make that yearly social "Round,"—
But I remember best of all
The Little Marquise on the Wall.

Those lovely homes! and one by one
Invaded till our "Round" was done.
From all the Bends to Bakalum
Resounded the cry, "Come!" "Come!"
"Come!"
Needless to tell we went in throngs,
Or of our pranks and gibes and songs,—
But I remember best of all
The Little Marquise on the Wall.

One fair morn of the fairest day,
We at sunrise we under way
To a Bend on the coast below;
And we hugged the shore in a tow
Of neighborhood skiffs that were manned
By many a gay if unskilled hand,—
But I remember best of all
The Little Marquise on the Wall.

Sunlight, sparkle, the air, each jest
To the stroke of our oars gave zest.
The "Father of Waters" we spurned,
Its holes and its eddies we turned

To ridicule in our wild mirth,
But took care to give them wide berth,—
Ah! I remember best of all
The Little Marquise on the Wall.

The fishing, the fish-frys, the spread—
Magnolias and live oaks o'erhead—
Of the cloths in their noonday shade,
To the musical murmur they made
With rustle of great glossy leaves
Mid draperies the spider weaves—
Still I remember best of all
The Little Marquise on the Wall.

The frolics, the glee and the fun,
The yarns and the stories we spun,
The strolls, horseback rides, buggy drives,
The games in which every one strives
To outreach the others, the rows
On the lake where the China tree blows—
But I remember best of all
The Little Marquise on the Wall.

I am eager to tell ere I've done
Of another—the gayest one!
Catholic-French, the old régime,
On the banks of the mighty stream,
Held o'er acres and slaves full sway,
As was the custom of the day,—
Yet I remember best of all
The Little Marquise on the Wall.

There were sons and daughters and wife,
A home-circle with blessings rife.
The Southern house embowered in vines,
Porches round which lovingly twines
Many a floral beauty and rare,
In those old days naught was missed there—
But I remember best of all
The Little Marquise on the Wall.

The sire, as French as French could be,
Was from his France a refugee;
A brave soldier, Colonel le ———
Under Napoleon won his rank;

As nimble of foot as of tongue,
He tripped in the dance, played and sung—
Yet I remember best of all
The Little Marquise on the Wall.

The ditties and troubadour lays
Of his youthful, campaigning days;
His talk was all wit, flash and fun,
Ne'er for long did his tongue cease to run;
At eighty—"I tell you again
I am *not* one—of—your old men."—
Yet I remember best of all
The Little Marquise on the Wall.

And oh! how he did pirouette!
Making us one and all forget
Everything but his lightness and grace,
And the varying charm of his face,
The charm of the man through and
through—
Till reluctant we bad adieu—
Yet I remember best of all
The Little Marquise on the Wall.

Such revels from morning to night-
Ah! just to recall what delight!
With feasting and dancing, Time's wheel
The days did relentlessly steal,
Till aghast we suddenly found
We had reached the end of our "Round!"—
So I remember best of all
The Little Marquise on the Wall.

"Those good old days"—how better far
The good days of the present are!
For War, Peace, with their might sublime,
Have wrought miracles since that time!
And our merry, light-hearted band
Scattered is in many a land—
Still I remember best of all
The Little Marquise on the wall.

AT HOME, December 13, 1898.

Spring in Kentucky.

The tenderest green
That was ever seen
Is the green of Kentucky's hills;
And its thousand hues
Her woods suffuse
And gleam in the flash of her rills.

And the densest shade
That was ever made
Is the shade of her forests deep,
Where the shadows hide
In the woodlands wide
And in glens and gorges sleep.

And the bluest skies,
With their matchless dyes,
Are the skies that bend o'er her realm,
With their crystal air
And their cloud fleets rare
Asail without helmsman or helm.

Oh ! the fairest earth
That ever had birth
Is this of Kentucky's domain,
When flowery May
Doth mingle her sway
With the leafy June's vernal reign.

JUNE 2, 1899.

[Suggested by the following passage from a private letter written at Gallipolis, Ohio: "Nature here is glorious; the verdure and blossoms are far beyond what they usually are at this time of the year, and Kentucky, with her beautiful hills and fields, must be just as far advanced."

Rome.

Nowhere so lovely a sky bends over,
Nowhere so brilliant a sun shines down,
Nowhere, though one sought the wide world over,
Can be found such an enchanting old town.

Nowhere such revel of light, warmth and glory
Fills the wide range of the wandering glance;
Nowhere such wealth in Earth's famed story,
Of ruins whose value ages only enhance.

Arch, column, palace, temple and church,
Their sorcery of beauty and mystery fling,
Bewildering, baffling the eagerest search
That would their long-hidden history wring.

Nowhere such reverent ravage of Time,
Adding fresh interest with every fresh trace,
Hiding the havoc of war, age and clime
With mellowing tints or the vine's classic grace.

Nowhere so tender, soft an air enfolds
Such treasures of obelisk, tower and dome;
Nowhere such vision transmutes all it holds
Into loftiest musings, for—there is but one Rome!

ROME, January 31, 1886.

An Appeal.

Awake in the eventide, soul of mine!
Shine thou within with light divine.
Be supreme through one lapsing hour's flow.
There is much between us each should know.

What are we one to the other?—say.
Is it thou or I, spirit or clay,
The life between us shared doth guide?
And in which path, the narrow or wide?

Is it thou? is it I? spirit or clay?
That wieldeth the fine, invisible sway
Like sunshine in flowers adding grace to grace,
Or venom as subtle,—the serpent's sure trace?

Earth to earth—dust to dust—is it so?
For answer why surges within me this
throe?
I aspire!—I aspire! Let there be
Eternity—Immortality!

Under Closed Eyelids.

Under closed eyelids they come and go,
Pictures in Memory's magic glow—
For we lived them all in the Long Ago.

Nestled away like the brooding dove,
Childhood's home and the mother-love,
Type of that we shall find above.

By some subtle conjury of that night
Of eyelids veiling the outer light,
Floats there a picture wondrous bright.

Beautiful river flowing past,
Arching sky so blue and vast,
You have not changed since I saw you last.
River and hillside, orchard and lawn,
The swing in the tree that caught the dawn,
The stoop where we watched the sunlight fade,
The daylight die, and the sky inlaid
With the starry worlds by hands not made,

Bowers of roses and scented things,
Trees that gleamed with flashing wings—
Whose the hand this picture flings
Under closed eyelids after long years?
'Tis gone—blotted out by blinding tears.

Christmas at the Old Woman's Who Lived in a Shoe.

"There was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe,
And she had so many children
She didn t know what to do."

We don't care, no, not a bit, if we do,
Mammy and all of us, live in a shoe,
For Old Santa Claus has come to *us*, too ;
Hurra for Old Santa Claus ! Ain't he true true?

Hurra ! hurra ! hi, hi, diddle, diddle !
In holiday clothes we're fine as a fiddle.
And we just bet that you can't guess our riddle :
What's got if holiday's broke in the middle?

Oh ! it's as funny as funny can be ;
Plainly the answer none of you can see,
Because you haven't got it—it's an *i. d.*
Hurra for Old Santa ! he's winking at me.

He brought us all round new gowns and new suits,
Bonnets, hats, jackets, caps, slippers and boots;
All kinds of candies, nuts, raisins and fruits;—
'Rah! for Old Santa, as down chimney he shoots.

She calls us a diabolical crew;
Well, sometimes we have called *her* a horrid old shrew,
When, from her frowns, we knew storms did brew,
And over our heads that birch-rod she drew.

But poor old mammy! no wonder she's tried;
We banter, chaff, worry, mimic, deride;
We steal on her broomstick many a ride;
We've teased her and squeezed her till she has cried.

We're a terrible tangle of sisters and brothers,
And it might be best did we have some more mothers,—
One for these, one for those, one for the others,
For tusslers and scufflers and "down hims" and smothers.

Sometimes we come to a penitent pause,
Get all together and lay down stern laws
Further worry about us to give her no cause,
For we somehow feel sure that will please Santa Claus.

Then how she smiles; how the wrinkles depart;
What stories she tells with a mother's true art!
We seem to look right down into her heart.
But, oh dear! 'tisn't long till we make a fresh start.

Yet though we do make her such a hard lot,
We have for her many a hard battle fought.
She's just as good a mother as any one's
got,
And not the whole world shall say she is
not!

You may be surprised to see us appear
Dressed in our best—in this holiday gear.
We're to have our picture taken, no matter
how dear,
For Santa Claus, Christmas, and the Yule
time are here.

In the Gloaming.

In the gloaming all alone,
In the old familiar places
Haunted by a shadowy host
Of the old familiar faces,
How the spirit shrinks and falters
Where their consecrated altars
Tell how human hearts atone—
In the gloaming all alone!

In the gloaming all alone
There are gay and happy creatures,
With a tender, happy lovelight
Making radiant their features.
Ah! we know them,—childhood's treasures,—
As they float in graceful measures—
Dearest, little friends once known,—
In the gloaming all alone!

In the gloaming all alone
Glide shy lovers one by one,
Just as in that lost Elysium
They unconsciously had done.
Love that every joy enhances
Beams in their enraptured glances—
The old sweet ecstasy once shown,—
In the gloaming all alone!

In the gloaming all alone
Life's long pageant is unrolled;
Splendid men and splendid women,—
Ah! so soon their fates were told,—
All alive they come to meet us,
All alive so gently greet us—
Just a dream from Old Times blown,—
In the gloaming all alone!

In the gloaming all alone
Bursts a spectacle divine!
Past and Present fade away,
And a Future all benign

Sheds its solace as we gaze,
For life finding cheer and praise
To o'ercome all plaint or moan,—
In the gloaming all alone!

What We Owe to Italy.

First, for that funny little fellow
Whose next of kin is Punchinnello—
Man, organ and small monkey,
The last such a winning, cunning flunkey.

As a mimic soldier *cap-a-pie*
He begs your nickels martially.
There's often on our menu card
A cake that 's eaten yard by yard.

To give it name we Yankees have not far
to go ;
The tilting lines each one of us must know.
Sing then "Yankee Doodle," all of you,
The tune that shows you are "true blue."

"He put a feather in his cap and
Called it Maccaroni ;"
Would I 'd been there to charge on him
With war clubs of "Bologne !"

Now, some there be beyond a doubt
Would put this summing up to rout ;
They 'd point to her famed men of yore,
Her treasures vast, and count them o'er

As misers do their precious hoard
Of gold and gems in secret stored.
The paintings, sculptures, curios rare,
That her magnificence declare.

Name with her own imperial air
To prove none can with her compare ;
And Byron's distich quote, maybe,
To show *his* love for Italy.

"Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it Italy."
Well, they are welcome, for Truth is free,
And each for himself the Truth should see.

So, whate'er our debts, small or great,
None of us will repudiate ;
And for her gifts ungrudgingly
We 'll shout one and all, "'Rah for Italy !"

Mother Earth.

To have lived more than three-score years
and ten—
From childhood through life's every
stage—
On this beautiful Mother Earth of ours,
And but now on the brink of old age—

To a sudden exquisite sense awake
Of a subtle kinship with all we see—
Of a new experience strange and grand,
Of hill, dale, river, mount and lea!

A something unknown hitherto subdues,
A something in the sky overhead,
And too in the circumambient air,
And in the earth under our tread—

That seems to embrace in a clasp divine,
To put us in touch everywhere
With this home we have never known before,
With this mother so dear and fair.

No form does she take to our straining gaze,
No visible arms does she show,
But we feel her enfolding no less firm and sure,
See her countenance with love aglow.

Oh! the comforting tender thoughts that come
When we dwell on her loving care,
And understand all she bestows on us,
Demanding, nor pleading, nor prayer.

When she folds us so gently to her breast,
We feel every throb of her heart,
And realize that we have, how we know not,
Become of Great Nature a part.

The perfume of flowers, the light of stars,
The flash of love's divine glance,
The low, sweet music of affection's voice,
These but *her* great love enhance.

The tiniest flower abloom at our feet,
The tenderest blade of grass
That so gently pierces the sod, it's brown,
Turning to green as we pass,

Have tendrils of kinship outstretching thought
To Creation's utmost bound,
Through countless systems of worlds that with the
Music of the spheres resound.

Oh! the sublime, voiceless thoughts that surge
Through teeming brain, heart and soul!
Oh! the twofold anointed vision that grasps
The Universe as a whole!

Eyes of both body and spirit that gaze
In rare exaltation where
The myriads of worlds revolve and blaze,
And thus her glory declare.

And when at the last Life's night doth descend,
While Death, the stern reaper, waits
Till old Father Time his fatal wheel turns
That decides our human fates.

She—the great Mother—makes room in her breast
For these poor bodies of clay
To be one with herself in the sod, in the air—
A something to exist alway.

"I 'm a Thinkin."

[The little, old museum keeper of Nantucket.]

Reader, have you ever struck it
That museum at Nantucket,
With its queerest of collections
Placed around in queerer sections?
There are shipwrecked whales and whalers
With the fragments of the sailors;
Whitened bones of men and fishes
Mixed with rare old China dishes;
Spars and bits of some old dory
Tell of its disastrous story;
Shells full of the sea's adorning
With the colors of the morning;
Shaped by winds and waves for ages
In old ocean's fiercest rages;
Painted by unseen conjury
Of nature hid from human eye;

Filled with music as by magic,
Soft and low or weird and tragic;
Saddest murmurs, wails and dirges
Caught alike from ocean's surges.
The present, I am certain,
Falling round you like a curtain,
Made you seem another being
Linked to the past and seeing
As an-ti-di-lu-vi-ans
In the vanished dim, lost eons—
Till you shook yourself and queried,
"*Where is the oldest?* I am wearied—
Such a lot of old-time lumber
To keep track of! What's its number?
Find the oldest. Don't you know it?
Or don't you want to show it?
Can't you answer?"—"I'm a thinkin."
And he stood there just a blinkin'.

His black beads of eyes all glitter,
Till you felt none could be fitter
Than himself, the wizard keeper,
Raking memory deep and deeper.

While the gimlet eyes grew narrow,
Boring to your very marrow ;
And you turned and left him blinkin'
Still repeating "I 'm a thinkin'."
What you 've missed, if you never struck it,
That queer museum at Nantucket !

Unter den Linden.

Unter den Linden wrapt I stand,
With palaces on either hand.
Some with their pomp of king and state,
Some with a prestige far more great;
Scarce a stone's throw across the way
Science and art hold rival sway!
One palace doth a window show
Called the "The Historic," where doth go
Each noonday to gaze forth a man
Whom force of fate placed in the van.
The victor in a mighty war
Came forth king, kaiser, emperor!
Now all burned out the martial fire,
His people's gentle, gray-haired sire.

He watches his "Changed Guard" pass by
With childlike smile or tear-dimmed eye.
Below packed masses fill the square,
And heads are bared, shouts rend the air,

Kerchiefs are waved, hats flung on high,
In a wild burst of loyalty.
In the vast throng an alien I
Glow too and thrill in sympathy ;
Give feelingly the homage due
To one so simple and so true ;
Yet turn with head erect and proud
When melts away the curious crowd,
Dismissed by kindly wave of hand,
And bless anew my native land !

JUNE, 1899.

A Munich Dream fulfilled in Rome.

In the dream I was walking; had just passed through the Gate of Victory when a lady friend, with whom I had grown up, confronted me. The surprise and greeting over, she began a tirade against Munich.

"Why," said she, "there is nothing interesting here. It is just a great overgrown city without inhabitants enough to people the streets. It is as quiet as a cemetery. How do you stand it?"

"What!" I indignantly exclaimed; "nothing interesting! What have you been doing? What have you seen? or rather, what have you not seen?"

"Oh! I have seen about all there is to be seen."

I did not wait to hear her, but began impetuously a regular catechism.

"Have you seen the Glyptothek, the Old Pinakothek, the New Kaulbach Museum, the Royal Library, National Museum, Palace Basilica? Have you?" but I was breathless.

"No," she replied, indifferently.

"Come then and let me show you these, and I think you will have a change of mind."

We had a round of all these grand attractions, and stopping for a rest, I triumphantly challenged her opinion.

For reply she burst into a merry laugh, saying, "Oh! I knew all about them; but I just wanted to make you take me around and tell me of them. You know you are such an enthusiast."

In a moment she was gone, and I was in Rome. I had never been there. I realized at once that I was standing in front of the Grotto of Egeria. How this realization

came to me belongs to the mystery of dreams.

It was in a shallow valley; a cave, or grotto, with the fountain trickling low down in its farthest corner. Vines were trailing over the front of the cave and all about the fountain, the waters of which slipped over its floor and through the grass under my feet. It was a cool, quiet, restful, retired little vision of beauty.

I looked for the Grove. It was near by, on a gentle ridge, a dark clump of ilex.

The excitement of the spectacle awoke me. My heart was throbbing violently.

Several months later found me in Rome. One of my earliest excursions, it may well be believed, was to that "Sacred Spot." Self-control was impossible. Part of the way was a walk through rough fields, scrambles over dilapidated stone fences, and wrenches from bramble thickets. Curiosity made me reckless. My heart was beating a tattoo. Then presently the

longest breath I ever drew — a gasp — a low cry.

There was the Grotto of Egeria, the very counterpart of that of my dream.

Cloud Pictures in England.

BETWEEN LONDON AND WINDSOR CASTLE.

There was a chasm in a bank of gray storm clouds. Cut in the outline of the southern side was an immense profile of a man. In a moment it rolled away like a scroll, revealing two perfect busts. The farther one of the gray cloud, outlined against a faint blue sky beyond, was a facsimile of a view of the Sphinx, the pyramid Cheops, in gigantic proportions. The other, apparently touching the shoulder, only a little behind and lower, of a more pearl-hued gray, outlined against the Sphinx, was that of a colossal goddess, helmeted and of the purest Grecian type, an ideal Minerva, with chiseled features of such exquisite delicacy as to be almost transparent, and an expression of impregnable dignity.

The expression of the former was that of the grave majesty, the martyr patience, equal to bearing the haunting memories of centuries of unbroken silence.

Another moment and a curtain of impenetrable cloud descended, gradually hiding them from view.

As it were with the wave of a conjurer's wand, another form appeared — a negress fat and comfortable-looking, half-risen from a couch and seemingly partly resting on her farther arm. She was looking towards the west. A sunset glow of the most ethereal pink and gold lit up her uncouth features. Her head-kerchief was awry, and one end stood straight up from her forehead like a battered plume. Slowly this receded to the back of her head, the features changing in perfect time till it was resolved into a Highland chieftain in full Tartan plaid, prone on the brink of a lofty cliff, stretching backward, carelessly resting on his near elbow, with his farther leg

thrown over the hither one, and looking off into some vast distance, whither my gaze could not follow. There he was, clear as reality, just while you caught your breath, and——then nothing but shapeless cloud.

Yet within the moment another rift opened—you did not see when or how, but there it was—with a span of cloud like the Natural Bridge in Virginia, or the Arched Rock at Mackinac, and standing out clear and sharp, midway, was the blasted trunk of a great tree, with one long, naked branch, on which sat a wild turkey. I watched it "melt into air, thin air." When it was quite gone, a shower swept up that lasted into the night.

My Dog Blanc and I.

"Would you like to have Blanc? Moving about as I shall be for some months I cannot take him with me, and I cannot give him to a stranger."

That is the way I came to have him. Blanc and I were already warm friends. He was a canine Adonis, pure, snowy-white hair, long and thick, with a large wave in it till near the end, where it twisted into great loose curls. Very dark eyes, and so full of expression looking into them, the conviction could not be thrust aside that

"beyond the sky
Your faithful dog would keep you company."

He was medium in size according to dog standard, but for a Spitz he was quite large. He had a dignity of bearing that

did not invite familiarity; in fact, not a few were afraid of him till they became well acquainted, when they acknowledged his amiability and many graces, and were proud to be friends with him. His distinguishing characteristics were general amiability, affectionateness, an amusing timidity and air of helplessness in trying circumstances, a strong dash of obstinacy in trying to have his own way, and an ingenuity in devising and carrying out ways and means to succeed, that set one thinking there might be truth after all in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. The query would arise, might not he have been a human being once upon a time, and up to tricks, the artfulest of all "artful dodgers." Whereupon atonement was made forthwith for such suspicion by extra petting.

We became inseparable friends. When in the country we scoured hilltop and hillside, hollow and meadow, and gathered wild flowers; that is, he was ready to

stretch himself on or roll over them while I gathered. He went through deep clover fields in vaults, making himself into white festoons as it were over their expanse of dainty green tufted with red tops. He always took a rest in shallow places. Once there was a long tramp after some wayward peafowls. They would not be whistled or wheedled into returning home ; but just as we thought to turn them they floated off to still more distant perches, with their beautiful tail feathers making a thousand eyes at us as they spread them on the air. After two or three repetitions of such aggravation, his disgust and anger became comical, and he turned his back on them and fairly tore homeward. Were it a walk to the near city or a drive about the country-side, he was on the alert to see if he was included. Taking the former, he was all barks and leaps and capers and frolics as long as no cow appeared on the scene. The merest glimpse of one ap-

proaching brought him to my side trembling or made him cower behind me. This timidity was as unreasonable and unmanageable as the nervousness of a woman. A favorite drive was that of a new avenue, bordered by many fine trees and pretty tasteful homes, the drive-way being a splendid dirt road. There was but one drawback: at the midway home there was a lot of curs—snarling, spiteful, quarrelsome—always ready to fight anything they dared. They were six or seven to Blanc's one. Had he studied the odds against him and admitted to himself the hopelessness of trying to fight? Who can tell? What he did was this: he would gambol along the road, sometimes under the vehicle like a trained coach dog, or trot along first on one side and then on the other, or take a scurry ahead and back again; in a word, doing everything possible with might and main as if his whole heart was in it, till we neared that par-

ticular house, when he would bound to the carriage and bark furiously to be taken in. As soon as we were well beyond them —those dreadful curs—he would jump out and be off again. It is impossible not to believe that one of his most vivid memories was that of the one time he started to enter into friendly relations with them and the pack of them set upon him, dancing round him, barking in mad chorus, snapping at him, biting his ears, catching his tail and shaking it, and finally—the last and most triumphant indignity—throwing him down in the liquid mud and rolling him over and over in it. When at last he was rescued, there was not so much as a single white hair or gleam to his whole body! It took several baths and bars of soap to restore his pristine splendor, and it was weeks before he resumed his usual stately deportment.

The most prominent episode of our comradeship was a dog fight, in which there

were four principals, he and another dog, and I and that dog's owner—she was a neighbor. The dog was known to be vicious and kept chained in the daytime. I had some business with her one forenoon. Blanc went with me. We crossed the highway, opened the gate, but had no sooner entered than the dog came rushing at us. The two grappled each other, and we, too, without so much as a greeting, grappled each her own dog and began the squabble to separate them. We were soon outside the gate on the highway; now on one side, then the other; next, in the middle; sometimes tugging at them on our feet, in the next moment dashed to our knees and dragged here and there in the dirt till as suddenly hurled to our feet again, not one of the four relinquishing the clutch of teeth or hands. It seemed that it would indeed be a fight to the death, and that all would be torn to pieces—Blanc was almost, before some passersby succeeded in parting us.

The röle of invalid was never more perfectly played. He did not even attempt to do anything for himself; would not lift his head, move himself, or stir in any way, but just waited and looked, his expectation to be nursed and attended to.

But if there was ever a more unique dog fight—two dogs and two ladies, on the most traveled road leading from a city at high noon—where is its history?

We became denizens of a large city. Blanc soon accustomed himself to the change, and I am obliged to confess not only grew to like it but took rather too readily to some of its fascinations. He became dissipated. He and a number of the neighborhood dogs seemed to form a club. They had a rendezvous where they met at set times, at odd times, at all times, especially of evenings, where they barked, howled, scurried about over fences, on porticos, around houses and the like, singly or in a body, or engaged in a general tussel, far

into the night, finally scattering each to his own home no matter what the hour, which, however, was never early and often midnight or later, on reaching which Blanc for himself barked and scratched to be let in, till opening the door was the choice between two evils. The cool assurance with which he shot past, sprang on to his bed and curled up in instant sleep, looked not a little like dog depravity. Who can say it was or was not? The morning, however, showed him so handsome and innocent looking and so overflowing with dog blandishments, the first thing you knew you were petting him more than ever.

Many dogs grin. Blanc could cry. Once I said to him, "Blanc I am going where I cannot take you, you will have to stay at home." Starting to the door he followed quickly. I looked at him, shook my head, and said decidedly, "No, you cannot go." He set down, fixed a most

mournful gaze on me, and "the big, round tears coursed down his innocent nose," in very truth. He always cried as the last means to secure his own way. Would come sit close by me, whimper if I took no notice of him, the tears rolling down as he looked at me out of the corner of his eyes to see if I was observing him.

We were at a friend's house. At the six o'clock dinner—it was winter and the ground covered with snow—he was in the dining-room and restless to get out. Fearing he would annoy the host and hostess, I went to the door, opened it and stepped out on to the piazza with him for a moment. He bounded away in great leaps and soon vanished in the distance.

I never saw him again; never heard of him. Is it a wonder if I have never had a pet since?

The Double Portrait.

My little boy—mine. That is his picture on the wall. Look at him. He is looking at you, but does not see you. He is in a revery. Often the picture is called just that—"Revery."

The picture is a double portrait. I painted it. There were two children, brother and sister, who called me "Aunt Violet." The sister was a golden blonde; the brother a flaxen. Each was a wonder of child beauty. Golden and flaxen curls; flesh, skin and color of such texture and tints as constantly called forth exclamations of amazement and admiration. In every point, models of physical perfection.

In the studio, when I was painting my picture, teacher and pupils would stand over and watch me. Many said, "You are

painting some one you love. He is a little boy, to be sure, but there is something of a little girl, too, about him." The little girl was the older. I put her golden curls on his head, but the dream in his eyes was his own.

HERE IS THE PICTURE.

It is life size—the life size of a child between four and five years old. The head is pillowed on the left arm, which rests on the edge of a table, over which hangs the hand, clasped at the wrist by the right hand. The hands are shapely, plump and dimpled. The hair is parted, boylike, at the side, and the curls are tossed back carelessly and lie in a picturesque heap on the neck. The eyes are radiant blue, and they look straight out of the picture at one, but, seeing, take no note, being lost in a dream. He seems so real, so alive, I sometimes try to rouse him, to make him smile, to make him look at and speak back to me. He has never

stirred. Never so much as an eyelash has quivered.

They grew up; she a dazzling beauty, full of vivacity, wit, and the graces of culture and society, and with a heart tender and true in a thorough womanliness. He, as one said of him, "Almost an ideal." Superb physique; rarely educated, brilliant, versatile, marvelously gifted, sensitive as a young girl, quick to feel for others, and as swift to try to help and comfort.

Presently girlhood's romance—love and a lover. In a fortnight they were to be married. It was winter-time. A fall on the ice, an injury that developed to a fatal issue, a few days of agonizing fluctuations of hopes and fears—then the end. She faced her fate without a murmur; had only words of courage for herself and love and cheer for the dear ones she was leaving.

His career was brilliant and as brief. Just a meteor flashing on the gaze and gone.

When I look at the picture, I see them both. The many years between now and then fall away, and I have them again—my dear little ones.

I LOVED THEM SO.

The Legend of Lent.

[From the French of Quatrelles.]

"I say, papa, in the Bible you gave me there is one thing I don't understand."

"Only one?"

"Only one."

"Fortunate child! What is it?"

"I see that mankind having been very wicked, the good God sent a deluge to destroy all there was on the earth. The rain fell for forty days, then only the highest mountains remained above the water; finally everything was drowned. Well! What about the fishes?"

The mother began to stir the fire. The father was silent for a moment, then, waving the child away, said,

— "You always ask questions destitute of common sense."

"Because I do not understand."

"Go to your mother; I must read my paper."

"Go to your father; don't you see that I am busy?"

The father felt the great wrong that he was doing. He recalled his son, who was going away pouting.

"Come back, Maurice; sit down there. Since you are so anxious to know, I will tell you what took place in the 600th year of Noah's life, on the seventeenth day of the seventh month."

The attentive child sat down, leaning against his mother's knee.

"In those days men lived nearly a thousand years, and spent their time in evil. They were a strong race; giants of many cubits, tamers of mastodons, and fishers of whales. They used their strength only in slaughter and destruction. Then the Creator became very angry. If the anger of man can sometimes influence the world, it is frightful to think what the anger of God

would be! Happily for the human race, there lived one worthy family, of which Noah was the head. God decided to spare it, but resolved to destroy all the rest of creation."

"So if Noah had been wicked the world would have come to an end right then?"

"It is more than probable. God went to see Noah, and said to him: 'The more I examine the earth, the more improvements I see that should be made. Man, whom I have preferred above all else, neglects and outrages me. I will exterminate him, and I wish the earth to bear the impression of his punishment forever. All that walk, all that creep, all that fly, shall die.'"

"The good God was pretty mad, wasn't he?"

"He had reason to be. You might have walked a thousand miles without finding an obedient child."

"Oh!"

"You know the story of the ark, so I shall not tell you about it."

"Yes; but why did Noah allow such ugly things as the spider, scorpion, and bug to enter it?"

"As to the bug, it was not Noah's fault. As it was entering after all the rest, he wished to push to the door and shut it out; but it was already half way in, and was caught in the closing door and crushed. Ever since it has been flat."

"What a pity that it could not get through! But since the good Lord saved one family because it was good, and destroyed all the rest, why didn't he select good lions that would not have eaten men, and good wolves that would never have frightened me?"

"You slander the wolves and lions, my child. When they came out of the ark, they were the best of animals; it is man who has made them ferocious. But if you

continue to interrupt me I shall never reach the end of my story."

"I shan't say another word."

"When everything was ready, as God had ordered, the wind began to blow fiercely, very fiercely. The mountains rocked and burst asunder. The waters rose and overflowed their limits instead of keeping their usual channels. The sun was the color of blood, and great black clouds chased each other madly across the sky. The earth shook, and every time it shook craters yawned, from whence escaped sometimes flames, sometimes boiling water."

"It is I who would not wish to have been there!"

"Indeed, I think not! The men made fine promises. But it was too late. The sea hurled its waves upon the land—and such waves!"

"As high as houses?"

"Higher. Some were a league in height."

"Oh, no! that could not be."

"The animals that could not speak and tell falsehoods stretched themselves on the ground and never stirred."

"Were not the spiders furious?"

"Yes; and the lions, too, I can tell you. First the sea engulfed the valleys, tearing up the forest, carrying off houses and towns, and sweeping away in its waves the crumbling mountains. Still the waters rose higher and higher, pursuing the human race as it clambered up their sides. That day even the lame and impotent reached heights, impelled by their terror, that man will never reach again. Birds flew about in wild affright, beaten by the storm, till, finding no place to rest, they fell into the seething waters."

"Canaries, too?"

"Canaries, too, except the pair Noah had carried with him in his little cage."

"And butterflies?"

"And butterflies."

"The butterflies had been very wicked, then?"

"Very."

"Swallows were drowned last of all, were they not?"

"Of course. At the end of a hundred and fifty days, when the last man had cried out as he sank beneath the waters, the rain ceased as if by enchantment, and everything resumed its usual state. The sky became a fine turquois blue, and the sun shone as in the past. Then Noah sent forth the dove that returned in the evening because he found no place to rest his feet."

"And because his mate was still in the ark?"

"Possibly. Seven days afterwards the dove was sent forth again, and again returned, but this time with an olive branch in his beak."

"How an olive branch, when the olive grows in the valleys and only the mountain tops had appeared above the waters?"

"Because the olive is a symbol of peace."

"Besides," added the mother, "as the uprooted trees were floating on the surface of the calmed waters, the dove could easily take a branch."

"But that would not show the earth had appeared."

"Stop your quibbling, Maurice, or I shall be displeased and not finish the story. Finally, seven days afterwards the dove went forth and returned no more."

"But its mate—what did she do when she found he did not return?"

"The Bible does not say."

"What next?"

"Noah went forth and stepped on the ground."

"It must have been awful muddy."

"No; the sun had dried everything."

"And it was not unhealthy?"

"You can well think it was not, as Noah lived three hundred and fifty years

longer. Then God, to reassure men who were filled with fear, set the rainbow in the sky as a sign of pardon and good faith. After that he had the animals to go forth before him, and they dispersed themselves here and there, each according to its own tastes and instincts."

"Oh, how I wish I could have seen them!"

"When they had all passed out, Noah shut the ark. 'Stop; that is not all," said the Creator. 'The fishes are still to come.'

"'Not a fish went into the ark. Oh, Almighty Father! where would I have put them?"'

"'Indeed! you have made a pretty piece of work, Mr. Noah. So, you hear—all the fishes to make again.'"

"Just then a small voice made itself heard a few paces away. A track of foam, a head was passing, a little depressed head with eyes placed sidewise, the mouth large and

having great jaws that reached to the very throat.

"'THE LITTLE FISHES ARE LIVING YET,' said the voice, laughingly. And immediately millions of heads, of every color, form and size, appeared at the surface, repeating in chorus,

"'*The little fishes are living yet.*'

"God, in the first moment of anger, blew upon the water, and there was such a shaking up, down to the very bottom, that everything was topsy-turvy. From that time date the first flat fishes. They were flattened upon the rocks. This flash of anger over, the eyes of the Creator fell upon the rainbow, and recalling himself, he said:

"'Come forward, you that was first to speak.'

"The codfish—for it was the one—tremblingly lifted its head above the water. How changed it was! Its eyes protruded

from its head, and from being round had become flat as a cheese of Brie.

"'What have you done during the deluge?'

"'Almighty Father, we kept ourselves quietly in the very deepest water, waiting till your anger would be appeased. The calm being restored, we took advantage of the high water to visit the mountains that we never had hoped to explore. We passed some days among them, part among the Pyrenees, the rest on Mount Caucasus.'"

"'By my beard, you are mocking me!'"

"'We have neither the wish nor the courage to do that.'"

"'After having deluged the earth, will I have to dry it up?'"

"'You have forgiven, O Almighty Father!' entreated Noah, as he with his family fell at the feet of the Great Creator.

"The good God took a middle course between the promises contradictory that he had made—that of exterminating all crea-

tion, and that of pardon. He conceived Lent, during which there is made every year a St. Bartholomew of fishes, and inspired man with the idea of fasting twice a week. As the codfish was the one to speak first, it is the one that had to suffer most.

"Now, Master Maurie, you know what you wish to know. Let me read my paper, and give your arm to your mother, who is waiting for you."

Part II.

TRANSLATIONS, ETC.

Winter Evenings in a French Pension.

Just a half dozen of us under the home-like roof of Mme. Rostan, in a beautiful quarter of Paris, in the year 1884. Three were Americans, and three French. We gathered in the salon of evenings when we were not going out. There were games, French conversations, stories, improvised or remembered, or *adapted.* This last furnished infinite amusement. Sometimes there were recitations and readings of original poems. The hostess had many in her portfolios. None had as yet been given to the public. She entrusted the following two with me for that purpose.

Mme. R. merits a brief biography. Her grandmother was a duchess at the Court of Louis XVI. Her father was a refugee to this country when she was seventeen years old. Her education fitted her for the de-

mands their reduced circumstances exacted. She opened a school for girls in New York City. It became a great success. In the meantime she lost her parents and was left alone, having no brothers or sisters. She accumulated what was considered a fortune at the time, out of which she was defrauded by a brother member of the church. This so wrought upon her that she gave up her school, went to Paris and opened a pension. She took with her an adopted daughter.

She was a woman of extensive culture and many gifts; a linguist, speaking several languages and familiar with their literature; quite a traveler; a fine conversationalist, with an ease and distinction of manners that made her at home in any circle. As a companion I have known few equal to her.

The pleasure of these evenings passed with her is indeed "one of the pleasures of memory."

Pierre and Marguerite.

A LEGEND OF THE TIMES OF PETER THE GREAT.

In the Rhone's fertile vale, a quiet, pleasant spot,
Lies the village of Salin. What traveler has not,
Attracted by something which he could not explain,
Sighed and wished that his lot had been cast on the plain,
Where, free from ambition, from care and from strife,
In these simple abodes he could have passed his life,
Where true love weaves the thread which affection has spun,
And the blessed affection of Heaven has begun?

. . . . .

The night had been lovely, and the first rays of light
In the east were now dawning, while clear, pale and bright,
The morning star rose, glad forerunner of day,
And night's pale constellations with shame hid away
From the splendor of him who with purple and gold
Was now decking the landscape with glories untold.

. . . . .

But hark! Bells are now ringing a clear, merry chime;
Youthful voices are singing as in festal time;
Bands of youths and maidens in fairest array,
With banners and ribbons and fresh garlands gay,

Issue forth from each road, from each path,
from each street,
On this bright summer morning the bride-
groom to meet,
For Pierre, of the sons of the valley the
rarest,
Is Marguerite to wed, of its daughters the
fairest.
Listen to their joyous song,
Singing as they march along,
"Happy, happy, happy day!"

From the hillside far away,
Echo answers, "Happy day!"
And now at the altar the young couple is
kneeling;
O'er the bride's snowy veil the sunbeams
are stealing.
Oh! thrice blest be the tie which will bind
them to-day!
And ever the sunbeams on their life's path-
way lay!

There! the words have been spoken—the twain are made one;
The bravest and truest the fairest has won.
"Thrice then hail this happy day!
Come and join our bridal lay,
Happy! Happy! Happy day!"

From the hillside far away,
Echo answers. "Happy day!"
All then to the bride's simple cottage repaired,
To partake of the feast her fair hands had prepared.
In the orchard the table was tastefully set,
And many were the friends who around it there met.
No rich vases of silver or gold decked the board,
But roses and jasmines their sweet incense poured,

While joy and contentment filling every
breast,
Gave plain wine the flavor of the choicest
and best.
Some small friendly offerings which she
with simple pride
Accepts, smiling sweetly, and to each in his
turn
Gives a bud from the flowers at her side in
return.
"And now will you kindly forgive," the
bridegroom cries,
"If for an instant the bridegroom from this
banquet hies?
To my beauteous bride my heart longs to
present
A gem of rare beauty by Heaven truly
sent!"
With a mischievous look and a smile Pierre
left them,
Leaving all wondering what good luck had
brought the gem.

When a half hour had passed, they began, every one,
To ask what the bridegroom with his gift that morn had done.
Yet in vain they still wait. Time speeds on, but no Pierre,
With his fair, blushing bride, comes his treasure to share.
Their anxiety can now no longer be controlled,
And for him all are seeking, the timid, the bold.
The youths over the village, the hills and the dale,
And throughout the whole country, have spread the sad tale.
Twice the lake has been dragged, and the forests resound
With the cries of "Pierre! Pierre!" for miles around.
But no answer returns to their anguished call,
And many are the tears that for him long shall fall.

In the quiet village church burn the tapers
every day ;
On the steps of the altar poor Marguerite
doth ever pray :
"O, Pierre, my beloved, in peace mayest
thou rest,
In that fair, happy land of the pure and the
blest,
Till the glad morning dawns when again
thou wilt come,
To take thy own Marguerite to Heaven,
our happy home."

PART II.

Sixty years had passed away
Since that mournful bridal day.
Again o'er that village fair
Floats the balmy summer air.
Again roses blushing bloom,
Jasmines shed their sweet perfume,
And the miner's joyous song
Echoes from the hill among.

In the mine they swift descend,
Turning to the further end,
When a sudden cry is heard,
Checking every joyous word.
There had been a slide that morning in the mine,
And startling to see, a young man they there define,
Standing on the broken salt blocks which are piled
In their pathway in confusion vast and wild.
His dress is old-fashioned, but of festal array.
On his lips is a smile, at his side a bouquet.
His right hand is still a small box clasping tight,
On which his blue eye seems to rest with delight.
But silent those lips and the eye motionless,
And the hand cold and stiff which the miners would press.

Ah! whence came the stranger so young
and so fair?
Sure none in their village e'er such costume
did wear.
On the grass they have laid him, in his
youthful prime,
In the cool, friendly shade of a wide-spread-
ing lime,
Where all press around him, the young and
the old;
Yet his name and his country by none can
be told.
"Room! Make room for the oldest among
us," some cry.
"Room!" for slowly advancing old Mar-
guerite draws nigh.
By the side of the stranger an instant she
stands,
Then she falls on her knees, clasps her cold,
trembling hands,
Exclaiming, "Pierre! oh, Pierre! I knew
that thou wouldst come,
To take thy own Marguerite to your blessed
home.

See, I faithfully have waited, and now thou
art here,
And nothing more can part us, my husband
so dear!"
She bent over the body—her lips its lips
pressed,
And the poor, long-tried heart was forever
at rest.

The box contained a string of pearls and a small diamond cross, a present from Peter the Great, whose life the young miner had saved the preceding year, when the Czar was visiting the mine.

"This is a true story."

L. F. ROSTAN.

Elizabeth of Hungary.

A LEGEND OF THE XIII. CENTURY.

'T was early morn, but o'er the parched earth
No cooling dew distilled — no fragrant shower;
The grass lay brown and dry, the young shrubs drooped
Their fainting heads, and the leaves lifeless hung
Upon the trees. The very atmosphere,
With noxious vapors thick, seemed like a pall
Over Nature's face to lie, while in the east
The rising sun, as if with pity touched,
Stood still, and long and mournfully gazed
In the poor stricken earth.
For months no rain
The thirsty ground has steeped. The streams are dry;

The brook no longer leaps in joyous glee
Adown the mountain side, and from the plain
No busy sound of happy life ascends.
Lone, on the rough and dusty road, we see
An aged man, in pilgrim garb, draw near.
His step is slow—his feet no sandals wear;
His face is wan—his gourd no water holds.
He's traveled far, and weary, sore, and faint,
With anxious eye he scans the landscape o'er,
Some cooling stream to find, his parched lips to moist;
But 't is in vain. "And must I die?" he cries;
"Father have mercy now! Yet not my will
But Thine be done, as it was in that hour
When on the Cross, high raised on Calvary,
Thine only Son for guilty men expired!"

. . . . . .

'T is mid-day now; a goodly cavalcade
Slowly along the mountain path descends;
A noble dame and her attendant maids,
A holy priest, a page who missal bears,
Are on their way to a most holy shrine,
From which no prayer unanswered ever rose
To Him whose heart compassionate still throbs
In sympathy for human woes. And now
They near the place where a rude stony cross
By the road stands. No costly monument;
No gilded spire; this simple sign alone,
This sacred legacy of dying love
Which Christ the Saviour left His followers here!
They come — but see! Stretched on the burning earth,
His arms around the sacred symbol clasped,
An old man lay. Lifeless he seems. Yet mark;
Some drops of vital blood are oozing still

From out his wounded side. All stop amazed,
All but the noble dame. E'er foremost, she
Already kneels the dying man beside;
Her fair, soft hand his matted locks now part;
Her tears his temple bathe, and from the vase
Of holy water she a few drops pours
On his dry, burning lips, then binds his wounds,
And straightway has him borne with gentle care,
On her own palfrey, to her abode,
Her proud lord's princely hall, the fortress strong,
Where she, Elizabeth of Hungary,
For years has dwelt, angel of light to all,
Though slave to him whose love to her was pledged,
But whose wild, jealous fears a tyrant make.

He's absent now, and tenderly they lay
The dying man upon her snowy bed,
While all devoutly kneel around and bow
Their heads in silent prayer. — Slowly life ebbs;
One sigh, and all is o'er!
But hark! the clang
Of hastening steed in the courtyard resounds!
A hurried step, and at the chamber door
The proud lord stands. His eyes with anger flash,
And wild with rage his lips are ope to curse.
All tremble now; the stoutest heart with fear
Doth quake, save hers alone — his noble wife's;
Undaunted she calmly before him stands.
"Down on thy knees, my lord," she cries,
"For Death is here!" And to the bed she points.

When lo! Oh! wondrous sight! Transfigured see
The humble mendicant no more, but Him
The Saviour blest, whose features radiant shine
With light divine!
The guilty man, amazed,
Would still his sight distrust—in vain. The words
Above that hallowed head, inscribed in light,
No doubt can leave: "For verily I say,
That inasmuch as ye these things have done
Unto the least of these, my brethren here,
Ye unto me, your Lord, have done the same."

My Ten feet of Letter.

A VAGARY.

You want a long, letter, and I don't like to write a long letter. An idea that a long letter is expected often prevents me from writing at all. I can't write a long letter, and I won't write a long letter.

I don't object to the mere labor of writing; *that* I am doing all the time. The truth is, I am like Canning's Needy Knife-Grinder—"Story, God bless you! I have none to tell, sir."

Stay, I've an idea! Capital, ain't it?—not the idea, but the fact that I have one. I can write a long letter after the fashion of the French feuilleton—fool-ye-town—a rivulet of reading in a meadow of page. I *will* write a long letter, answering your letter, seriatim. Can you remember what you wrote?

Keep your eye on me!

C——, April 17, 1867.

COUSIN LAURA:

Yours of 14th inst. received.
Your opening alarmed me.
I thought I had done some——
I had trampled on your tender feelings,
Like a donkey on daisies!
. . . It was like reading my sentence—
A long sentence.
Your sentences are all long.
I took a long breath and plunged in,
And came out breathless.
What had I done?
Next to nothing.
I had written a short letter!
It said all that was needed.
Not a word more.
Suppose I had written none—
What then?
Nothing!

* * *

My "conscience pricked" me!
What if it did?

Haven't I got used to that?
That confounded conscience will prick me,
Somewhere—
All the time.
I am riddled and riddled, through and through.
If I were to constantly cry,
"Come, riddle me, ris, and riddle me right,"
It couldn't riddle me—
More!

* * *

You say I may kiss her.
Humph——
I don't know——
You say she is 19.
I hadn't figured up so much.
Isn't that a few too many moons?
I might get moonstruck.
. . . How time flies!
Last night I heard a blue bottle-fly!
That meant summer.
And heat;
And rain;

And sirocco winds;
And morocco faces;
And sickness;
And laziness——I don't like lotus eating.
I hate summer.
And I hated that Blue-bottle!
How I glared from my couch! . . .
"M—mm—oomm—mm—m."
But I couldn't see him,
Till he wheeled near the gas—
Ha, the gas!
I waited. . . .
"M—mm—oomm—mm—m—WIZZP!—
dump."
So much for Blue-bottle.
If summer could only dry up as quick—
As quick—
As blue-bottle sizzled!
But that would sink half a year.
Well, who'd care?
Not I.
. . . Where was I? Oh,
She is too old——

But you said I might——
'Twouldn't be my fault——
I bet I would——
I will!!

* * *

Major C—— is in Kentucky.
We were invited together,
And we can't come together.

* * *

One word. Do not think me utterly careless. I never allude to a gloomy subject, if I can avoid it. Perhaps I may have a gloomy side, but I take care it shall not be on the outside. I do not believe in encouraging the gloom of others, and I fight my own.

* * *

You enclose a note,
Open.
Why open?
Do you think I will read it?
Not any!
But she will think I have read it.

L. of C.

You may say,
"Then close it yourself."
I say,
"That would be meddling."
I never meddle.
I shall hand it to her just as it is, and simply say,
"I haven't read it."
Will she believe me?
Sooner—perhaps not;
Later—she will.

* * *

I have read your letter
Through.
I haven't "skipped half."
I haven't skipped a word.
So you have nothing to "forgive"—
On that score.

* * *

I wish you wouldn't write on chequer-lined paper.
Somehow, it reminds me of—
I can't help it—

The sentimental young lady.

HERE SHE IS.

"The sentimental young lady has a heavy epistolary correspondence. This is the serious business of her life. On coming down stairs in the morning, she darts upon the basket on the hall-table like a bird of prey. At other post-hours, she watches at the parlor window. She has learned to interpret the physiognomy of the postman, between whom and her there is gradually developed a masonic intelligence. Sometimes he shakes his head, and says, "No, Miss," with a deprecating look; and, at other times, he puts the looked-for letters into her hands confidentially, and passes on as if relieved from a responsibility.

"What is the subject of these letters? We dare not conjecture; but we have a dim impression that they relate mainly to metaphysics, and contain the true key to ever so much of the philosophy of life. But we must here advert—and not without indig-

nation—to the practice this young lady has of crossing her letters. This she perpetrates not only vertically, but often diagonally to boot; thereby converting the letter into a dense congeries of scratches, as unintelligible as the Rosetta Stone would have been, if its three inscriptions had been jumbled together. It was our intention, we may hint to those concerned, if a certain borough that shall be nameless had not unaccountably rejected our proffered services in Parliament, to introduce a bill bringing this offense—at present reckoned a mere immorality—into the category of criminal misdemeanors, visited by lengthened imprisonment, bread and water, and the deprivation of pen and ink."

Whew! didn't that carry me comfortably over a long, bleak stretch of barren blank paper!

* * *

That does for your letter.

Have you kept your eye on me?

Have I fulfilled?
You bet!

* * *

After all, haven't we made some little mistake?
If this young lady is coming,
Why don't she come along?
Why don't she write?
My visits to the P. O. are absurdly frequent.
I get frequently absurd letters;
But not hers.
——Not that hers would be absurd;
It would be kind o' scar't—
Not absurd,
No!
What can I do?
Telegraph?
Where?
You say D——.
Laura thought S——.
But to whom?
Dunno.
If I could,

I would let her know,
I am always waiting,
When the D—— boat comes,
Which it is 5 o'clock—
A. M.!
And I'm singing,
"Vake, lady, vake! I am waiting for thee."
But this vaiting
And vaiting
Is aggyvaiting!
. . . Somebody must suffer.
I'm a dragon.
If I lay claws on her—
She'll catch it.
If I don't—
You'll catch it.
'Ware, all!

* * *

See what you have done!
That ain't my work;
It is yours.
You wanted long letters.
By "you" I mean everybody.

I thought possibly you might think,
"He don't write long
Because he is—
Surly."
Therefore have I, out of nothing,
Evolved this seeming something,
Which attentive examination
Must involve to—
Nothing,
And leave me
Looking like a—
Fool!

* * *

Now:
My letter *was* short,
But good.
I don't claim it was good.
I don't believe it was good.
Only, good enough for you—
Because you said it was good.
Why not prefer
Short good
To long bad?

. . . Excuse me; I am interrupted. I did design to give you ten feet of letter. However, if you find this too short, I assure you that it will be long enough before you get another.

Jottings

FROM A FEW DAYS' INTERCOURSE WITH MISS PEABODY, SISTER OF MRS. HAWTHORNE.

Sunday, April 2d, she read letters from the Hawthornes, who are in Europe. Some were from Mrs. Hawthorne; some were from her daughter Una. In one of Mrs. Hawthorne's there is a description of the "Miserere" in one of the churches in Florence, quite as fine as anything I ever saw on this wonder of musical performance. One expression struck me particularly—"Such a commingling of sound, one voice falling into another like lapsing waters." She gave interesting descriptions of the people they met with, among others the Brownings. I quote at random whatever struck me most. "Mrs. Browning's body is the slenderest sheath I ever saw for a soul." "A striking contrast in their manners; he having all the quickness and impetuosity of his im-

pulsive temperament, she still and contemplative. Mrs. Browning is a firm believer in Spiritualism; he, very much opposed to it, sweeping right over her gentle defense, like a river with its arrowy rush sweeping away some slender streamlet." "Mrs. B.'s father recently dead, having died without word or sign for her. She married in opposition to his wish, he being opposed to his daughters marrying, wishing to retain them with him out of sheer selfishness." She writes beautifully of her daughters. The family must be really extraordinary. Of one little one, six years old, she tells some very interesting things. It seems that "Rosebud," as they call her, has quite a talent for sketching. She sketched one day, on a slate, an "Annunciation." All the Annunciations are represented with Gabriel in front of the kneeling Virgin, announcing her coming glory. Rosebud has a different idea. In hers, two sister angels float behind the kneeling Virgin. Mrs. H.

was so much struck with the sketch, she had her copy it on paper, and sent it to Miss P., who showed it to us. The conception is both beautiful and original, and she has executed it wonderfully well. The Angels really seem to float. It is done in mere outline, but it tells its story. Her reason for having the Angels behind the Virgin was, that the Virgin was praying to God, and it would be irreverent in the Angels to come between her and God, as they seemed to do when they came in front. Rosebud is fond of prayers, and she teaches her little dog to kneel. One morning she told her mother she had had a splendid dream, but she could not tell it to any one in the whole world. Mrs. H. said she thought she might tell her own mamma anything. Then the little girl said, "Well, if she would guess." From the little girl's countenance, she guessed it was something *very pleasant.* "Oh! yes; and good," she said. "I think it was the prayer you said last night made me have

it." "Then," said Mrs. H., "it must have been about Jesus." "Yes, and the garden." "Something about the lilies?" "No; but I cannot tell any more to any one, indeed." Perhaps you can write it," suggested the mother. Then she went behind the bed and wrote it, asking her mother occasionally how to spell a word.

. . . . .

Una's letters remind me of Margaret Fuller's diary. There is the same self-consciousness and self-watchfulness, and the same unerring indications of an extraordinary soul and life in its incipient dawnings. She gives an enthusiastic account of Mr. Browning. "His coming among us is like the breaking of the sun from the clouds." "His features, except his eyes and forehead, are not fine; yet you forget that directly, which shows of how little importance mere features are for the purpose of a noble soul. His face is very expressive, being the very mirror of himself, and in his case

having only noble and beautiful things to reveal." She met Leigh Hunt several years ago in London, "before I was too old to be kissed by gentlemen. I felt sure he would kiss me, as all the rest did, to my supreme disgust; instead, he took my hand, bent down and kissed it, and I have loved him ever since." Here Miss P. remarked, "She is like her father; there is an atmosphere about her." Of Powers she writes: "He has the largest eyes I have ever seen, and so penetrating they seem to look right through you. He is quite interesting in conversation, but sometimes, from being too particular in explaining every point, is a little prosy. He says color has no expression. We all exclaimed at that; but he glanced at us with an expression that seemed to say, 'Hold on, and I will prove it,' and indeed he made us look at it very differently. His son Preston is a fine young man, with the mechanical genius of his father. A few days ago he brought me an

easel of his own manufacture for my table, which keeps me from bending while I draw. It is very ingenious, and my drawing teacher admires it very much." "I am studying Latin, French, and Italian. I like languages very much, and the more I know of them, the more each seems necessary to express a different class of thoughts and feelings. The French seems to me the very one for what is light, gay and witty, and I can say many trifling things in it I could not say at all in English. Italian is for the passionate and imaginative, and English for what is grand and noble. I don't know what I shall think of German, which I am to study next year."

Miss Peabody introduced the Kindergarten into the United States from Germany. Was quite as remarkable as her sisters, Mrs. Hawthorne and Mrs. Horace Mann. The three were a trio of unusual ability.

"The President is Dead."

A MEMORIAL TRIBUTE.

Everything in his life "became him like the leaving it."

Death, you have claimed our greatest, noblest, best. This is no exaggeration. Is not the assertion of an overwrought moment that the fleeting hours will bear into oblivion. The proof is found in every phase of his character; in every period of his little more than half century of years. What brevity of existence to bequeath such impress to the world!

Step by step he can be followed from his birth to his grave.

The proudest gift of motherhood is a son. This mother's pride was subordinate to her love. Yet she saw "William" inaugurated President of the United States,

he showing his reverence and affection above the plaudits of the enthusiastic throng. And with what tenderness and homage he bore her to her last long rest!

Next to son came the brother, followed by school-fellow, youth, friend, young man, lover, husband, citizen, soldier, public man, statesman, President. Last of all, Martyr —Triumphant Christian. In none was he found wanting.

Greater tribute than that—"In none was he found wanting"—mortal cannot command.

The history of our race has furnished no more sublime a spectacle of the surrender of earth, the passing from life to death. Thanks to this era of the Public Press, all have had the privilege of sharing its many and most pathetic changes. There needs no recapitulation of the exhibitions of the most loving, most unselfish, most considerate, most meek, most patient, most reliant, most submissive spirit any son of man ever

showed. Many of us will, like Mary with the words of her son the Christ, "lay them up in our hearts."

Great examplar of the virtues of mankind, may your incarnation as a human being help to uplift the nations of the earth.

May it reach, convict, and conquer the wretched creatures whose work is this dastardly deed, and be a lamp to their feet, guiding them into the true pathways of Life, and burning into their hearts that divinest command, "Love thy neighbor as thyself;" "Do unto others as you would be done by."

May Mercy wrap your beloved one all about,

> "Until ye two have meeting
> Where Heaven's pearl gate is."

It is finished. All now is Peace, Rest. And forevermore Life Everlasting.

The Thistle Gatherer.

"The Thistle grows up in a single night."

A pace or two this side the wood
In which we had been roaming,
A moment very still she stood,
Framed in the purple gloaming.
Her little hat with fall of lace,
And tie of ribbon blue,
Fell backward with a careless grace,
As fell her mantle too.
The restless glance sought everywhere
For something still unseen,
Nor paused on earth or sky so fair,
Nor one less fair between.

When suddenly, with glowing cheek
And brightly flashing eye,
With swift spring and low, eager shriek
Yet air timid and shy,

She dropped upon the dewy grass—
  She caught the magic flower,
Whose spell her lover to each lass
  Reveals with fateful power,
She bends above entranced with joy,
  She handles carefully,
And that there may be no alloy
  She breaks it prayerfully.

And pray, what may the flower be
  That doth such power enfold?
And what the process by which we
  Its secret shall unfold?
'T is but a well-known wayside one,
  Common as light of day,
That blooms beneath the noonday sun,
  In fair and brave array,
Along the high road, on the hill,
  In meadow, heath and lane—
By river broad, by purling rill,
  And track of harvest-wain.

Far inland, close beside the sea—
North, South, and East and West—
Borne widely with the minstrelsy
Of winds that never rest,
And dropped on near or foreign strand,
In harvests or alone,
It hath sprung up in every land
Till each land is its own!
The quiet eye that oft espies
It sailing, white seed down,
Hath little thought how far it hies,
Or where it shall be sown.

There is no fairer sight I ween
When summer 's nearly over,
And fall's preluding gales are seen
With fleets of this wide rover,
Like elfin cars, or silver fair,
Balloons by fairy hands
Fashioned with tiny witchcraft rare,
Or wave of tiny hands—

Or thoughts too subtle far for words,
Too spirit-like for speech—
Floating away like song of birds,
Beyond our utmost reach—

Or disembodied souls of flowers,
In visible soul-sheen,
Yet ling'ring through some fleeting hours,
Where their late haunts have been,
In some light, purgatorial sphere
Of their immortal state—
Perchance for sins committed here
Of falsely-foreshown fate.
O! Floral Oracle, the gift
Involves the use divine,
And reverent care to dare to sift
The fates thou wouldst assign.

Now the maiden slowly rises
With a soft, abstracted mein,
And her hand enfolds the prizes—
Purple blooms in prickles green.

Charmèd Thistle, armed with lances!
Crimson spots her fingers stain—
Ah! the wound success enhances,
All life's prizes come through pain!
She nor marks the wound nor bleeding,
Nor the flowers she holds so tight—
Lost in revery, she seems rending
Something by an inward sight!

Well we know both mood and meaning,
Gentle maiden, as we gaze.
Gray hairs have had their day-dreaming—
Gray hairs were not gray always!
Wrinkled brows were once unwrinkled,
Once untouched by scar or line;
Voices quavering now once tinkled
Forth in laugh and song like thine:

"The trial runs thus,"
So the maiden said,
While the blood from her heart
To her cheeks had sped.

"You must gather the flowers
In the twilight hours,
As the dew begins to fall;
The head from the stalk so tall,
Purple bloom, green lances, all
Sever with reverent care,
And softly whispered prayer.
Gather as many
As there are any
Whom thou dost as suitors claim;
The purple-bloom clip
To the lances' tip,
Then a flower for each of them name.
Beneath your pillow, ere you sleep,
Arrange them in a row;
The one that most doth grow
While you are lost in slumbers deep,
If the Fate Flower you believe,
You as husband shall receive."

"Maiden, will it break the spell
If to me the names you tell?"

Such a shy shame veiled her eyes,
Touched her face to crimson dyes,
Made her shrink and turn away,
That the words sought sudden stay.
But low as a zephyr's sigh,
Tribute, as it wanders by,
To some June-eve opened flower,
Found and lost within the hour,
This response my ear did greet:
"One may tell if it be meet."
"If you please," I said straightway;
And, with her head still turned away,
She began: "I have but three,
In my hand as you may see:
Juan, Carl and—and—this one;
I—I named *him* just for fun."
To myself I laughed and said:
"And—and—*him* you hope to wed."
And then I recalled the two
She had named, and one I knew.
Juan, handsome, dark and proud—
A man to mark in any crowd;

With a certain Spanish look,
Stern and cold, that would not brook
Cross in thought or word or deed;
Just the one all are agreed
Not quite safe for married life—
For tender care of child and wife.
Carl was one of those we know
By our heart—who a warm glow
Kindle by their presence in you,
And without an effort win you
To revere, to love and trust,
Just because *you know and must.*
But it was the unnamed third
Who the maiden's heart had stirred;
And next morn her radiant face
Told that he had won the race,
For his flower with blushes shown
Had the others quite outgrown!

On Reading a Christmas Letter.

"To read." Her letter—four years old
This Xmastime—I sadly hold
Ere opening; yet would not forego
The pain, the pleasure, that I know
The reading it will give,—for she
Who wrote it was *how dear* to me.

Fast friends in girlhood's sunny years,
Sharing alike our smiles and tears,
The ties with time were added to,
And ever but more tender grew,
As sun and blue were, by and by,
For long quite banished from our sky.

I read—the words before me swim,
The very page, the lines grow dim.
But, ah! herself I see so plain;
The great gray eyes clouded with pain,
The fine lined brow, the pale worn face,
The slight, frail form, its languid grace

That now the feebleness concealed,
And now the weariness revealed
Which the long suffering years had brought,
The years that in her only wrought
Their perfect work in soul and mind,
The dross of earth leaving behind.

A moment—then with pauses I
Read on and on. How pleasantly
She tells of that past Christmas day;
Of gifts from loved ones far away,
From those near by; of Christmas tree,
Of talk, of feast, of festal glee.

Ah ! here, despite the tears, break smiles ;
A flash of her old self beguiles.
So sudden sharp she mocking said,
"All our souvenirs were laid
On a table, and I tell you
I *watched mine.*" Then, as merry too,

Yet further on, where she makes feint
Of being wronged in the complaint,

"One drop of— How could you refer
To ——," as though he'd neglected her!
Thus was she keen of wit and tongue
When we were happy, careless, young.

But last so touchingly is shown
The season's spirit's higher tone.
Not for herself without alloy
The blessings of its love and joy.
More fervently her hope is sped
That they on others too be shed.

O, little sheet! how strange to see
You here, while she—ah! where is she?
The work remains; the worker—none
The mystery of her fate has won.
Whence came she? whither is she sent?
We do but know—she came and went.

Rejoinder to "You Don't Love Him," in a Newspaper.

Do I love him? Do I love him? For my life I cannot say,
While you fix your eyes upon me in such a threatening way.
The gleaming lights within them like lightning flash and fade,
And though I wish to tell you, indeed I am afraid.
Ah! you're smiling Laura, dearest. I can tell you now. Bend low,
For I am not willing every one shall hear what you may know,
And I have an idle fancy that when one speaks of love
It were a profanation to speak the breath above.
While to myself I'm saying, "Besides she will not see,
Though the tell-tale crimson roses upon my cheek should be."

But *imprimis* you must promise me, by doggerel or dint,
To make me some restitution, *i. e.*, take me out of print.

And now for the confession. Let me think what I shall say;
For you string your questions, pitiless, in such a pointed way,
That memory turns accuser too and joins you with a sigh.
(Oh! will these braids upon my brow hide its flushing from her eye?)
When I think of that young month of May with all its bursting flowers
That stole from out the dark Earth's clasp with April's tripping showers,
Of the rambles in the sunny days upon the green hillside,
Of the pauses in the myrtle grove—*yes, I meant to be* his bride.

And I think I've somewhere still, between
my Shelley's leaves, perchance,
A myrtle sprig, with other flowers he gave
with such a glance,
That I picked them all to pieces, little heed-
ing thorn or stain,
And didn't once—indeed, I didn't—lift my
drooping eyes again.

Yea, all that balmy summer time! I re-
member it *by heart*,
For life with its bewildering dreams no
brighter one may start.
I have *not forgotten* that in May I wished
that it were June;
Then as June neared I timid grew lest June
would come too soon;
Nor when both came how oft we sought the
old elm by the lake,
To watch amid its netted roots each shining
ripple break.

The south wind in the leaves o'erhead its
low, sweet song began :
Love's lower murmur to my heart that gen-
tle strain outran.
Those moments gleam like crystals, and I
try them with a touch
Which Philisophs might liken well to some
old miner's clutch.
In truth, I tell you frankly—those *memories*
are golden,
Yet 'twould shame me to leave out that—
the feelings all are olden !

The heart's a marvel ; and as for Love, it
changes many a time !
And a saucy explanation shall cut short my
mocking rhyme.
As your anglers in the spring's full streams
will ever be a-sporting,
Your wild young poet-lover, dear, will ever
be a-courting.

I—I—wearied of this worship told in words,
and told in sighs,
Till I vowed by those "Vesuvian fires that
lit his midnight eyes,"—
I vowed it in the midst of that longed-for
month of June,—
Once it were gone, I'd surely learn "to sing
another tune;"
And vowed it when the sun's bright streams
were ebbing o'er the hill.
Not my haughty pride of womanhood shall
change that girlish will.
Forgive then, though that summer with its
promises hath fled,
And though her early love vow naughty
Inez *hath unsaid!*

Letter to a Munchausen Correspondent.

Q'avez-vous, mon ami?
Q'est-ce que je fait?
Il y a si longtemps
Depuis vous—did go away.

Ou êtes-vous, mon ami?
La vie est bien triste
A cause de votre long silence,
L'ennui est—so increased.

Pas de vas nouvelles,
Pas d'une lettre, pas d'un mot,
Comme je vois les semaines
Bien vite—come and go.

Cette conduite! elle me fait
De la peine, car vous—
N'avez-vous pas dites moi,
"Ecrivez plus souvent"—to you!

Écrivez *vous*, mon ami.
Dites moi tous ce que vous faites,
Pensez, voulez—en un mot.
Toutes les choses à vous—to date.

Vous me pouvez donner
Explications galore ;—
Comme de coutume? Bah! qu'importe
Un mensonge—less or more ?

A Sacred Anniversary.

What are you doing now, this very day—
This day of days, before you went away?
Do you look down from heaven, oh! darling, say
And wish for me to-day?

Through all the hours, howe'er they wax and wane,
I sit and dream the lost years o'er again,
And feel anew their every joy and pain,
And yearn for you in vain.

You, just as you are, oh! how I long to see;
Would the dear eyes light now as beamingly,
Would the proud lips smile now as tenderly,
As once for only me?

Oh! could a distance starlike and serene,
With a whole crystal universe between,
Ever between us, darling, intervene
To change that loving mien?

Away that thought! I cannot give it place;
It would the very light of heaven efface,
The dearest dreams of happiness erase,
Nor leave of hope a trace.

No; as you were, you are, must be, indeed,
With but that baffling change of spirit freed
From mortal fetters it hath ceased to need,
Yet losing not love's heed.

Of whatso'er was noble, good and true,
Of whatso'er was any part of you,
That something best you here had found to do,
Is not lost in the new.

Ah! though I strive, I cannot catch the
glow
That thy translated countenance must show.
With you, howe'er, I yearn I may not know
How this one day doth flow.

Flowers for a Good-bye, from a Young friend.

The flowers she sent are wondrous sweet;
I seem almost to greet her!
Would she were near that she might hear—
"The sender is far sweeter."

Carnations, ferns, asparagus,
Unique of combinations;
The flowers veiled in a mist of green,
With their sweet exhalations.

Carnations colored in rich dyes,
The Tyrian purple's own;
But deepened upon lip and cheek
Of hers are lovelier shown.

Carnations with their dainty breath
Perfumed like rarest spices,
Yet sweeter than all perfumes hers,
And more than theirs entices!

Go, little note, and say for me
How much the flowers I treasure;
But the sweet thoughtfulness they show
Gives a far deeper pleasure.

Non Semper Idem Floribus est Honor Venis.

Last year's flowers have fled,
Last year's leaves are shed,
Last year's glories all dead or dying lie.
Now fresh flowers blow,
Green boughs bravely show,
And above us bend again bluest sky.

But there never came
Flowers or leaves the same
As were ours in days forever past.
Tender thoughts of death
Chill their sweetest breath—
Flowers so like yet so unlike the last!

All that with them went,
Every dear event

Of the household year, the loving ties
That were bound or broken,
All the love unspoken,
All the griefs repressed, within us rise.

The Lieutenant-Governor's Christmas Gift.

Chacun à son Gout!

You said, "I'll take mine in soap."
"Soft soap?" queried I.
You laughed—assent, (?) and so
Here is a supply.

The brand is beyond compare,
And warranted, too;
For I've tried it, and know it does
All that soap can do.

Will turn to bubbles at will,
Bright as those of Fame;
Ay, break in your grasp, dear sir,
And vanish the same.

Will "lather at once," and wash
With an unctious flow;
The *ne plus ultra* bits of
Good soft soap, you know.

If further virtue's in it,
If 'tis "simon pure,"
And fair trial will win it,
Then you will, I'm sure.

. . . . .

I find I'm not done with you
Yet, Governor Grover;
There's matter besides that I
Am thinking over.

This soft soap is the type of
Something signified;
Not that I dare try that on
One so dignified—

One whom, 'tis easy to see,
All the gods above,
(Goddesses, too, if they count,)
Save the god of Love!

Have set sign and seal upon;
Lofty poet by Zeus,
Warrior spirit by Mars.
But why, in good sooth,

Attempt to specify each?
He who runs may read
The wisdom Juno gave, used
Wisely in his need;

The charms of the Graces three,
The gifts of the Nine,
Each—all required to make a
Model man in fine.

Who that knows you knows not how
You win where you dwell,
Dazzle where you roam, beyond
My poor art to tell?

No, I dare not "soft soap" you;
Would not if I could,
Because——I know full well I
Could not if I would!

Pray accept your Christmas gift;
'Twould not be my choice;
Nay, might I have ventured 'gainst
Your potential voice,

Something rich and rare and fair
From the Orient,
Culled by daintiest searching hands,
Santa Claus had sent.

Like to like—in olden times
Thus the proverb ran;
Hence the perfect offering
To the perfect man!

And all I shall wish to know,
O most honored sir,
Or type or that it stands for,
Which do you prefer?

Dec 19 1901

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